

4-30-2019

# Postcards Never Sent

Caitlin McDonald

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/oval>

---

### Recommended Citation

McDonald, Caitlin (2019) "Postcards Never Sent," *The Oval*: Vol. 12 : Iss. 2 , Article 14.  
Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/oval/vol12/iss2/14>

This Prose is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Oval by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact [scholarworks@mso.umt.edu](mailto:scholarworks@mso.umt.edu).

# POSTCARDS NEVER SENT

Caitlin McDonald

You with your hipster glasses and your sticker-laden Hydro Flasks. Why put stickers on everything? Don't you know the value of an Apple laptop? Stop writing articles trying to offend everyone about everything. And since when am I required to address my "personal pronoun" during introductions? I personally identify as Annoyed.

\*

The first hot day of summer. An A on your ten-page essay. The empty parking spot next to the entrance. The first snowfall of the season. Getting into a freshly-made bed. The Andes mint on your hotel pillow. Cutting through a perfectly-cooked steak. Your favorite song on the radio. The first sip of coffee in the morning. Any time you kiss me.

\*

Do you remember the day you bought that old grand piano? Driving back, I've never seen you so young. The truck didn't feel much lighter when the piano left it, and it wasn't even a sharp corner. Just a measly little pothole. Shattered wood and scattered keys covered the sidewalk. Forgotten sheet music from the 19-teens.

\*

Where I am: A quiet, corner table in Ceann Sibeal (Key-OU-n Shi-BALL), where the bartenders aren't impressed by my language skills and don't ask me how I'm doing. Go maith, I'd say.

What I'm eating: Leek and potato soup accompanied by a thick slice of Irish soda bread topped with Kerry Gold butter. Gone too soon.

What I'm drinking: Cronin's Cider poured from a tall, dark bottle into a delicate pint glass. Crisp, not tangy. Refreshing... and getting to my head after round three.

What I'm thinking: Let's get married.

\*

There's a certain kind of loneliness in the happiest of moments, as if time is suddenly and always your worst enemy.

There's a certain kind of loneliness in the midst of a night terror, as if an embedded fear surfaces and consumes, rattles and burrows, chest and stomach, rips the blankets from your shaking limbs.

There's a certain kind of loneliness in the way you're looking out the window.

Something left behind or never found?

\*

You gave me two packages of gel pens for my birthday. Are they for writ-

ing you love poems, my dear? I've crafted 27 colorfully cursive confessions on your Valentine's card. A mosaic of metallic, clichéd puns and cheesy, grossly-cute quotations. You deserve a painting of sweet sentiments. Call me the Van Gogh of \$4 drugstore items.

\*

A bronze liquor in a dark green bottle. A crackling fire in a big log cabin. The Jameson, gone now, but not forgotten. Empty, yet brought to your lips. A trusty pal, a proclaimed best friend. So then, what am I to you?

\*

Date a wildlife biologist. Let him pick you a bouquet of wildflowers in the summer and tell you their origins and Latin names. Move in together and buy a leopard gecko, name him Eugene and feed him crickets. Cuddle and watch every David Attenborough-narrated documentary on Netflix. "Babe, did you know that penguins propose with a pebble and mate for life?"

\*

Velvet Juicy Couture tracksuits. T-Pain on the radio. Sidebangs and braces. Did you hear about Britney Spears shaving her head? Glass mushrooms adorn hemp necklaces. Bedazzled Ed Hardy T-shirts and low-rise jeans. Let's go to Skate Plaza after school. What's an iPod?

\*

I must confess that I think too much. I wonder if there's something better than us. I worry that one intense love isn't enough to last a lifetime. I consider my youth, my future, all the places I've been, all the people I've met. Then it starts hailing. Abrupt, aggressive, in spite of the brilliant sun. I remember dashing outside with you, seizing the moment, drunk with joy and I smile. Suddenly, it stops.

\*

How's Hawaii? I'd assume you're lounging in the sand, book in hand, sipping Mai Tais out of coconuts. While I'm here climbing snow banks in parking lots and dodging negative-twenty winds. Been thinking about burning this state to the ground. We'd be a lot warmer if I did. Anyway, I hope you get sunburnt, you asshole. I know, I know, I'm bitter. Bitterly cold.

\*

There are lawyers not defending themselves. Maids not cleaning their own houses. Doctors not living healthy lifestyles. Preachers not telling the truth. Chefs not cooking at home. Actors not watching their own movies. Artists not listening to their own music. Yet there is nothing more sad than a hopeless romantic not loving to the fullest.

\*

If I mess up my hair, it'll look like I don't give a fuck. If I close my eyes, it'll look candid. If I put my hand on my cheek, it'll look feminine. If I show some cleavage, it'll look sexy. If I write a dark caption, I'll seem mysterious. If I use this filter, I wonder how many likes I'll get.